

THE
JUBILADE.
AN
ODE.

K Horatius

IN

A PARAPHRASTICAL IMITATION of the 5th
Ode of HORACE, Book IV. with Additions.

Humbly Addressed to

HIS MAJESTY on his Absence abroad, and the
glorious Success of his Arms.

*Armaque in Armatos sumere jura sinunt.
Ardua sollicitis victoria quaeritur armis.*

OVID.
ibid.



L O N D O N :

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JUBILAE

AN

ODE

IN

A PARAPHRASTICAL IMITATION OF THE SIXTH
ODE OF HORACE, BOOK IV. WITH ADDITIONS.

Humily Dedicated to

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glorious Success of his Arms.

Printed in London, by J. Streater, at the Sign of the
Three Kings, in St. Dunstons Church-yard.



AND SOLD BY

Printed for R. COUSE, at the Sign of the Three Kings, in St. Dunstons Church-yard.

(Price Six Pence)

JUBILADE.

ODE.

GREAT MONARCH! sprung from ancient *British* Kings,
 Fam'd like thyself in War and mighty Things,
 How long, alas! how long shall we
 Thus impatiently deplore
 Thy Absence from thy *British* Shore,
 And the great Senate of our Isle,
 Big with Gratitude and Thee,
 Await thy slow Return to greet thee with a Smile?

II.

Return, brave HERO! with those Blessings back,
 Those bright Celestial Rays,
 And sweet Serenity of Days,
 Which with thy glorious Self did us forsake.
 Return, return and bring
 Our long, long absent Spring:

For wheresoe'er thy Rays appear,
 Winter no more inverts the joyous Year,
 But all is gay again, and all serene and clear.

III.

As when some tender Mother that does mourn
 The long Departure of her eldest born,
 To distant Climes long gone abroad to roam;
 Detain'd by adverse Wind,
 And all the Elements combin'd,
 Beyond th' appointed Time, far, far from her and home:
 With weeping Eyes intent upon the Main,
 Incessantly she prays!

The raging Winds and boist'rous Seas,
 To bring her Darling Boy into her Arms again.
 Thus *Britain*, anxious for thy safe Return,
 Does thy long Absence, gracious Monarch, mourn.

IV.

Thou present, safe our Herds in Pasture lowe,
 And Peasants whistle, careless, o'er the Plow;

Plenteously

Plenteously *Ceres* does her Stores produce,
 And draws her yellow Troops of bearded Grain,
 In bright Array along the spacious Plain;
 Whilst the advent'rous Merchant gives a Loose,
 Beneath the Umbrage of thy warlike Sails,
 Through fresh and favourable Gales,
 Free from the lurking Pyrates of the Main,
 And Faith and Virtue rise, and by thy great Example reign.

No loose Disorders break our Midnight Sleep,
 Our virtuous Yoke-Mates free from Insults keep;
 As wholesome Laws the Riotous suppress.
 Parents their Children own,
 And Children by their Parents now are known;
 No Crimes unpunish'd pass, no Wrongs without Redress,
 Or, whether from oppressive Pow'r,
 Or Laws perverted, sprung,
 Speciously wrested by the perjur'd Tongue,
 And meagre-fac'd Suborner, to devour,
 And more effectually blight
 The beauteous Bloom of Innocence and Right,
 Than open Violence, or Fraud, or Force, or lawless Might.

VIII

By thee discourag'd, Injuries shall cease;
 Safe in his Farm each *Brave* now may live,
 There, undisturb'd, in Midst of Plenty thrive,
 Indulging in Security and Peace;
 Grateful for thy Protection all the Day,
 Thy Lenity and mild paternal Sway,

And

And when our Bus'ness, with the Sun, recedes,
 Nightly we'll, o'er th' inspiring Wine,
 Commemorate thy Name and glorious Deeds!
 And till our glowing Faces shine,
 With Hearts elate and sublimated Souls,
 We'll, bump'rous, drink thy Health in huge capacious Bowls.

VII.

To thee, who indefatigably wrought,
 The *Belgic* States to arm, and taught
Germanic Princes that thy Pow'r
 Was not to be denied;
 Thou spok'st and they complied,
 In thy Protection happily secure:
 Whilst *France* and *Spain* with Terror own,
 The Influence of thy Triple Crown.
 Nightly, I say, we'll drink, whilst ev'ry Glas,
 Shall, oh! illustrious Hero! pass
 In Honour of thy Conduct and thy Fame, till we
 As grateful and as joyful be,
 As when Great *William* on the *Boyne*,
 Or *Marlbro'* conquer'd on the *Rhine*:
William and *Marlbro'* both unite in thee!

VIII.

Whilst other Bards their Hero's Actions tell,
 Or on the *Rhine* the *Danube* or *Moselle*,
 Oh! could I raise my feeble Lays,
 To paint the hostile Glories of the *Mayn*,
 And, equal to my Hero's Praise,
 His Conduct, Triumph, and the well-fought Plain,

Behold!

Behold him, glorious! on the Banks,
 Forming judiciously his Ranks,
 In warlike File and terrible Array;
 Expos'd to all the adverse Fires,
 And mark'd out by the Engineers,
 Whilst innocent around the whizzing Bullets play.

IX.

Behold him quit the fiery frightened Steed!
 (Who'd fain, as careful of his Charge, have fled,
 Conscious of royal Worth.)
 To lead on Foot his Squadrons forth.
 Lo! from his Side his shining Blade he draws,
 Dreadfully warlike in supream Command!
 Gives to each Soldier his deserv'd Applause,
 And Promise of Reward to ev'ry valiant Hand.
 With loud Huzzas the Troops their Leader back,
 Bravely impatient for the Fight,
 Which the great HERO with Delight
 Observes, and, joyful, leads them to th' Attack.

X.

The horrible Parade of Battle sounds,
 Superb, the Coursers, snorting, paw the Grounds,
 The dreadful Burst of Cannons roar,
 Clang'rous the Trumpets Blasts inspire,
 The Drums redouble Thunder on the Shore,
 And all the Musquetry united Fire!

Undaunted

Undaunted and compos'd the HERO leads,
Thro' the loud Din and Noise to glorious Deeds.
When scarce the Onset's made and Battle joins,
But the Foe, furious, breaks into his Lines.

As when th' *Aeolian* Pow'r
'Gainst angry *Neptune's* Rage,
The boist'rous Billows, crouding to the Shore,
In Rank and File, a dreadful Battle wage!

XI.

The restive *Horse* resist the Curb, and Fume,
Disdain the Spur, and, in disorder'd Rout,
Bear with the Foe, promiscuous, on the *Foot*,
E'er their vex'd Riders could the Reins resume.
The watchful Leader marks from far the Fault,
Runs and Repairs the broken Ranks with Care,
And 'midst the Havock forms the happy Thought
T' inclose about the gallant *Mousquetaire*;
Youth of distinguish'd Race! the Beaux of War,
As gay as *Paris*, but with *Hector* part.

As when in Autumn oft we see,
Fruit falling from the shaken Tree:
So from th' united Fire of all the Round,
Unerring Marksmen! nothing loth,
Fell, numerous, head-long, Dead upon the Ground,
The Flow'r and Glory of the *Gallic* Youth!
Brave was their Charge! and had they not to deal
With such a Chief, they'd not successful fell.

XII.

The *Horse*, recov'ring, take severe Revenge,
 Unaw'd by Numbers, and superior Force,
 Through Squadrons of the Enemy they range,
 And mow down Armies in their furious Course.
 Disgrace and Sense of Shame
 E'er stimulates the Brave to Fame !
 And Honour from the Enemy retriev'd,
 Is double Honour, as 'tis twice atchiev'd.
 But see the *British* Standard born away !
 Long by the brave *Kirkleatham* Youth maintain'd,
 Two Horses slain beneath him in the Fray ;
 Remounted on a Third, by Fortune gain'd,
 He, emulous of Renown,
 T' immortalize the Name of BROWNE,
 Spurs in among the Ranks ; there stands confest,
 With his broad Sabre, high advanc'd t' oppose,
 Fires his cock'd Pistol at the *Bearer's* Breast,
 And wrests the Standard from an Host of Foes ;
 returns thro' Fire and Sword, o'er Thousands dead,
 With Wounds distinct, with Gore of Blood all red,
 And waves the rescu'd Honours o'er his glorious Head.

XIII.

The War's dispers'd about the doubtful Field,
 Lo! th' Enemy's proud Cavalry, impell'd
 By Vengeance, and impatient of Restraint,
 Prefs on our Infantry, whilst they
 Their shining Bayonets display,
 Gleaming with Death upon the Musket Point.

Wedg'd in close Order, to their Arms they stand
 Impervious, a resolv'd and irresist'd Band.
 Whilst, with fierce Ardour on the Right,
 The Battle rages in its Height
 In close Engagement; Line oppos'd to Line!
 High brandish'd Sabres cut their fiery Way
 In horrid Circles, and emblaze the Day;
 Whilst Fortune hovers, doubtful where t'incline.
 Nor *Richard's* Arms in the renown'd *Croixade*,
 And *Saladines'*, in dreadful War array'd,
 More resolutely fought, nor bore a keener Blade.

XIV.

Resolv'd to conquer, or with Honour die,
 And to deserve at least a Victory,
 The HERO makes his last Effort:
 Whilst his brave *Britons*, and their Co-Allies,
 All Difficulties gallantly despise,
 Their active Leader daringly support.
 Quick thro' the Ranks he, skilful, darts his Sight,
 And personally animates his Troops,
 Heedless of Danger in the dubious Fight,
 Supports the Fainting, and the Brave adopts.
 Thus mighty JULIUS on *Pharfalia's* Plain,
 Through Dangers indefatigably ran,
 Encouraging aloud each single Man
 To fight with vet'ran Ardour and the War sustain.

XV.

Who forces Fortune, wins her to his Hand,
 Upon the HERO's Sword at last she takes her Stand,

O'erpower'd, the Enemies recede,
 And, whilst to Right and Left
 The Conquerors subside,
 Are all to Pieces by th' Artill'ry rest.
 The dreadful Vollies overtake their Rear,
 Rake down whole Squadrons, and Battalions tear.
 Whilst the o'er confident *Noailles*,
 With Horror sees the ruinous Defeat,
 And Waste of War, to Heav'n appeals
 How just his Measures, and how hard his Fate!
 Thus have I seen in some tempestuous Day,
 When Thunder, Wind, and Rain conspire,
 And forked Lightnings dart their Fire,
 Through standing Corn the Tempest sweep away
 Tear from the Roots the Golden ripen'd Ear,
 (The grateful Product of the labour'd Year)
 And drive them o'er the Ground, and whirl them in the Air. }

XVI.

XVII.

Flush'd with red Slaughter the victorious Bands,
 The flying Foe pursue into the *Mayn*;
 Where fiercely, with inexorable Hands,
 With Blood and Carnage they the River stain,
 And beat the Waters up in Sprays,
 Like Breaking Billows on the Seas,
 Greedy of Victory and martial Fame,
 Or gain a glorious Death, or, living, bear a Name.
 So when two Bands of Monsters in the Deep
 Meet adverse, and the wat'ry Way dispute,
 Great is the Din and Flouncing which they keep,
 And Flakes of Waters which they cast about:
 Whilst horrid Stains in a wide Waste of Blood
 And mangl'd Fins and Scales lie floating on the Flood.

XVII.

XVII.

Is this, mistaken Chief! thy boasted Scheme?
 Thy Circumvention, craftily, to hem
 The Royal Warrior in thy Wiles?
 Attack'd in Front, observ'd in Rear,
 This Side the *Mayn*, on that huge Hills
 Impassable, no Way t' escape thy Snare!
 But all in vain against th' experienced *GEORGE*!
 Thou fought'st the Laurel, but hast found a Scourge:
 Yet wherefore at th' Expence of *Grammont's* Name
 Must thine be skreen'd? as tho' th' Attack,
 Heedless of Thee, or by Mistake,
 He, premature, led on; too prompt on Fame.
 Who well behaves, 'tis most unjust to brand;
 Obedience varies as Occasions rise,
 Bravely he charg'd; thou wisely didst command;
 But 'twas thy Fate t' engage a Chief more brave and wise.

XVIII.

Courage! howe'er, it should not blast thy Hopes,
 To own who braver fought with braver Troops.
 As *Pompey*, vainly, in his num'rous Host
 O'er confident, of Vict'ry sure,
 With *Cæsar* in his Pow'r secure,
 Th' important Battle of *Pharsalia* lost:
 So thou, presuming, fought'st, didst fly and yield;
 Whilst *GEORGE*, like *Cæsar*, triumph'd o'er the Field.
 Thus the fierce brinded Lion, in the Toils,
 Curls, brandishing aloft, his Tail,
 Lashing his Sides as with a Flail
 Indignant, whilst his Heart, fermenting, broils

With

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With fell Revenge ; glares on the Hunters 'round,
Roars terrible ! and, with a frightful Sound,
Advances on their Ranks, and drives them o'er the Ground.

XIX.

Oh ! *Dettingen*, unknown before to Fame,
This Day to Glory consecrates thy Name,
With *Hocksted*, *Blenheim*, and *Tanieres*,
Ramillies Plain and *Oudenarde* ;
Thou of the Brave shalt Record bear,
And be with equal Wonder heard !

When future Ages shall thy Plains survey,
The Old recounting o'er the glorious Day.

Thus will relate : ' Here conqu'ring **GEORGE**,
' Drew first his Sword and led the Charge :
' There the brave Youth, in History renown'd,
' By Glory prompted and his Country's Good !
' Sustain'd the Charge and met the ghastly Wound,
' Whence flow'd, in plenteous Drops, his royal Blood.
' Upon this Side commanded noble *Stair*,
' Consummate Counsellor and Chief !
' On that brave *Clayton* lost his Life,
' Defying Danger and despising Fear.
' Yon *D'Aremberg* receiv'd th' imbosom'd Lead ;
' Behind the *Brunswick* Batt'ry, useful, stood ;
' The *Eagle*, *Lion*, and the *Horse* o'erspread
' Hence to the *Mayn's* thrice memorable Flood,
' Three diff'rent Corps with one united Mind.
Such, inauspicious Days betide,
As wou'd by Jealousies divide

Brothers in War and Fame, in Int'rest join'd
Beneath their common Sov'reign in the common Cause combin'd.

XX.

XX.

But see the *Monarch* join th' auxiliar Force,
 Tow'rd's whom the Foe wou'd interrupt his Course :
 Ill-aim'd Prevention ! lo ! they fly
 Beyond the *Rhine*, nor there secure,
 Till deep in Earth intrench'd they lie
 At Rest from the pursuing Pow'r.
 But ah ! how vain ? see ! there the Conqu'ror comes,
 With Sound of Trumpets and the Beat of Drums.
Noailles forsakes his *ne plus ultra* Wiles,
 His cover'd Camp and labour'd Mines,
 And rather trusts to nimble Heels,
 Than all the boasted Safety of his Lines.
 The hunted *Fox* thus earth's t' avoid the Hounds ;
 But ; when he hears them near accede,
 With *Lelaps* roaring in the Lead,
 Steals, silent, from his Hole and takes the woody Grounds.

XXI.

Fly on, Fly on, unfortunate *Noailles*,
 Nor stop till thou hast reach'd *Versailles* ;
 Alarm the mighty HERO of the Chace,
 Who greatly reigns by Deputy and Fights,
 And sleeps at Ease in *Dalilah's* Embrace,
 Whilst *George* on restless Honour wakes away the Nights :
 Let the MOST CHRISTIAN know how ill
 His *most unchristian* Projects thrive ;
 Let him curse *Fleury* and *Belleisle*,
 And wish his Hundred Thousands lost, alive.
 How fruitless 'tis in Numbers to confide,
 The Battle's ever to the righteous Side,
 The bravest Captain and the greatest Guide.

That

That to rely on human Aid is vain !
 Whilst Heav'n and *GEORGE Hungaria's* Queen sustain :
 How the brave King is laurell'd round the Head,
 And carries Thunder in his Arm, and in his Conduct Dread !

XXII.

Return, great Leader ! wherefore would'st thou go ?
 Already *Germany* is free ;
 Stop thy Pursuit, and scorn a flying Foe :
 Hence *Germanicus* thy Title be !
 Crown'd with Glory cease from Toils
 Long, long, dread Sovereign, may'st thou live to wear,
 The plenteous Honours of this laurell'd Year,
 Distinct with beaten *Gallia's* Spoils !
 Let the young *Soldier* also come,
 With all his Blaze of Worth,
 Shining conspicuously forth,
 To share in all thy Welcome Home.
 Loud *Io Peans* ! wait upon,
 The conqu'ring Father, and the gallant Son.
 Long may'st be terrible Abroad and fear'd,
 At Home belov'd, respected and rever'd.
 Thou ! who hast broke the Foe's destructive Sword,
 Unsheathe'd by Perfidy and Pride,
 To wrong an Orphan Queen,
 Papist and Protestant, allied,
 Abominable Scene !
 Unnat'ral League, by Heaven and Thee abhorr'd ;
 By Heav'n and thee repell'd, and Peace again restor'd.
 These are my sober Wishes in the Morn,
 When I no greater seem than what I am ;
 At Night my Pray'rs o'er Bumpers are the same,
 When I'm as Great as Thou or any *HERO* born.

11:7:49

F I N I S.

That to rely on human Aid is vain!
While Heaven and GEORGE Hanover's Queen sustain:
How the brave King is launch'd toward the Head,
And carries Thunder in his Arm, and in his Conquest Dread!

XXII

Return, great Leader! wherefore wouldst thou go?

Already Germany is free;

Stop thy Pursuit, and learn a dying Toe:

Hence Germany thy Title be!

Crown'd with Glory rears from Toils

Long, long, dread Sovereign, mayst thou live to wear;

The glorious Honours of this laurel'd Year,

Distinguish'd with beaten Gallia's Spoils!

Let the young Solon also come,

With all his Line of Worth,

Shining conspicuously forth,

To stand in all thy Welcome Home.

And as I wait, I wait upon,

The conquering Father, and the gallant Son.

Long may it be terrible Abroad and land'd,

At Home belov'd, respect'd and rever'd.

Alas! who hath broke the Poet's destructive Sword,

Slain by Beauty and Wit?

A wrong'd Orphan Queen,

Rapid and resolute, allied,

Abominable scene!

Unnatural League, by Heaven and Fate all'd;

By Heaven and thee repell'd, and Peace again repell'd.

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